



TOIKE OIKE



TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.

Vol. XXIX

Friday, December 17, 1937

No. 4

Who Goes Home?

Two hundred years ago, going home at night in London was a bit of an undertaking. It had its difficulties and excitements, its pleasures (perhaps) and its dangers. Going home a hundred years ago in Toronto in the dead of night may also have had some of the same, especially in mid-winter. One wonders sometimes whether even 1937 cannot produce some of the same thrills and alarms in either city—despite or without benefit of police, traffic lights, shop lights, movies, motors and all.

Who goes home? Who goes home? These were the calls at night in the dark streets or the lighted houses of London two hundred years ago when the link-men or torch bearers sought their masters or patrons to guide them home, singly or in convoys. Look up Pepys Diary, February, 1660, "Thence to — and after that with a link-boy home". Perhaps, too, you will remember in Pickwick Papers (XXXVI) published in 1937, "The red glare of the link-boy's torch."

Gas lit streets in London did not come until 1814, but before that there were occasional dim candle lamps. When some time you are in London and in Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares where were many of the fine homes of that time, you will still see in front of certain old houses, fine ornamental iron grills and the link extinguishers and holders where the torches were put out or lighted.

Even today, the old custom prevails to carry on the ritual of centuries in the British Houses of Parliament, for the warders come around in the night hours after a long sitting, calling through Gothic hall, vaulted foyer or restaurant moderne "who goes home?" "who goes home?" In reality the practical use nowadays in continuing the ancient custom is probably to awake in the lingerers the desirability of going home. The police of today (the "peelers" of the early Victorian days, the creation of Robert Peel) now take the place of the link-men.

"Who goes home?" Engineers go home. Engineers of Canada go home.

(Continued on Page 4)

A Parable

Three men—a lawyer, a doctor and an engineer—appeared before St. Peter as he stood guarding the pearly gates.

The lawyer stepped forward — with confidence, and assurance he proceeded to deliver an eloquent address which left St. Peter dazed and bewildered. Before the venerable Saint could recover, the lawyer quickly handed him a writ of mandamus, pushed him aside and strode through the open portals.

Next came the doctor. With impressive bearing, he introduced himself: "I am Dr. Brown." St. Peter received him cordially. "I feel I know you, Dr. Brown. Many who preceded you, said you sent them here before their time. Welcome to our city!"



**The Engineering
Society Executive
and
Toike Oike Staff
Wishes Everyone
a Merry Christmas
and
a Happy New Year**



The engineer, modest and diffident, had been standing in the background. He now stepped forward. "I'm looking for a job," he said. St. Peter wearily shook his head. "I am sorry," he replied, "we have no work here for you. If you want a job, you can go to hell." This response sounded familiar to the engineer, and made him feel more at home. "Very well," he said, "I have had hell all my life, and I guess I can stand it better than others." St. Peter was puzzled. "Look here, young man, what are you?" "I am an engineer," was the reply. "Oh, yes," said St. Peter. "Do you belong to the Loco-

(Continued on Page 2)

'Twas The Night Before Xmas

Sh! little Toikes; it is Christmas Eve. A rustling can be heard in the fireplace of the Engineering Supply Room.

What? They have no fireplace there? Ah, but if they could have fire they would have a fireplace, if they could have a fire.

Little Alice in Wonderland is hiding behind the cash register to see what Santa Claus is going to bring the boys for not skipping any labs.

Presently, down the chimney, with customary 4.4 rotundity, and a huge bag of toys, comes our old friend.

"Please," said Alice, "you had better not be seen in here in those red and white Arts clothes."

"Tut, tut, child," quoth old Chris: "I am but fostering FACULTY Spirit."

"Ooh! Are you a bootlegger, too? But nobody drinks here."

Not deigning to answer this personal question, nor question her statement, with many puffs and pants (not gym.), the fat stranger placed his voluminous sack upon the floor and surveyed with scorn and interest the dangling hose of the 'Ngeiners—the big harsh woolly socks of the Seniors, the brilliant stripes of the Juniors, the glaring spots of the Sophs, and a number of little pink and pale-blue socks.

"Please, I think those belong to the Frosh," ventured Alice.

"Well, well, we shall fill them all up anyway, all but that moccasin of Harold Brown's."

Then, reaching down into his bag, Santa hauled out hundreds of pipes, and thousands of cigarettes and began to fill the foot-warmers.

"Oh!" cried Alice, her eyes big with horror and fright, "you mustn't do that here or you will be Fined."

"Shut up," said Santa Claus; "the boys Must have their 'baccy."

Whereupon, he hauled forth countless gifts, big and small, strange shapes and glittering objects, and bestowed one or two on each hanging invitation. Into each collegiate sock went some remem-

(Continued on Page 2)

The Toike Oike

Devoted to the interests of the Under-graduates of the Faculty of Applied Science.

Published Every Now and Then by The Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

The Toike Oike Staff

Editor J. M. Hales
Assistant Editor R. A. Oldham
Fourth Year G. A. Dick
Third Year J. Orr
First Year W. S. Steeves

A Parable

motive Brotherhood?" "No, I am sorry," the engineer responded apologetically, "I am a different kind of engineer." "I do not understand," said St. Peter, "what on earth do you do?" The engineer recalled a definition and calmly replied: "I apply mathematical principles to the control of natural forces." This sounded meaningless to St. Peter and his temper got the best of him. "Young man," he said, "you can go to hell with your mathematical principles and try your hand on some of the natural forces there!" "That suits me," responded the engineer. "I am always glad to go where there is a tough job to tackle." Whereupon he departed for the nether regions.

And it came to pass, that strange reports began to reach St. Peter. The celestial denizens, who had amused themselves in the past by looking down upon the less fortunate creatures in the Inferno, commenced asking for transfers to that other domain. The sound of agony and suffering were stilled. Many new arrivals, after seeing both places, selected the nether region for their permanent abode. Puzzled, St. Peter sent messengers to visit hell and to report back to him. They returned, all excited, and reported to St. Peter:

"That engineer you sent down there," said the messengers, "has completely transformed the place so that you would not know it now. He has harnessed the fiery furnaces for light and power. He has cooled the entire place with artificial refrigeration. He has drained the lakes of brimstone and has filled the air with cool perfumed breezes. He has flung bridges across the bottomless abyss and has bored tunnels through obsidian cliffs. He has created paved streets, gardens, parks and play-grounds, lakes, rivers, and beautiful waterfalls. That engineer has gone through hell and has made of it a realm of happiness, peace and industry."

"Now Bobby, you mustn't tell anybody you saw me kissing your sister."
"Yeh, that's what they all say!"

* * *

She—"What's that? You say our engagement is broken? I don't get you."

He—"That's it exactly."

'Twas The Night Before Xmas

brance, some small reward for 30% attendance at lectures.

But noticing an unevenness in the draperies, the old gent stopped in front of four long silk stockings and appeared quite puzzled. "Dear me," murmured Clausy, "I thought that there were only three co-eds here."

"Maybe," interrupted Alice, "Fred Warner hung that up. He has a Woman."

* * *

"May I look at things?" asked Alice presently.

Upon receiving an aquiescent grunt she delved around, prying into everything. There was a big book for Bob Weaver to perfect his "scientific" collection, an alarm clock for The Deany, some hair-dye for Orv. Bush, a fat package of "spares" for Old Beardy, a monocle for Wee Jack Fox, toy churches, garages and dog-houses for the Architects, "How to Pass Calculus" for the Frosh, and little glass stills for the Chemicals (they may as well have their own as continue to use the University property).

Some of the gifts(?) confused our Alice, and she was forced to ask "Scotchnose" about them.

"What are all these white rolls of parchment, and who are they for?"

"Why, my dear, those are nice little scholarships for the Fourth Year Mechanicals. Dear boys!"

"And what are all the little black balls in the toe of each sock?" asked the child.

"Those are presents from the FACULTY. They are called Supps."

"I shouldn't want one of those," cried Alice.

"Yes," yelled Santa; "they are rather doubtful presents, I must admit."

Just then Alice uttered a shriek of delight and clapped her hands in front of one moth-eaten old sock.

"Oh, what a pretty doll in Gray-burn's," trilled she.

"I should think she would like that," said Alice. "You must give one to the gals in the shop, too."

"I shall just give these prayer books to the Miners, and I must be off," uttered Saint Nick.

"Yes," agreed Alice, "you have to be out of here by one o'clock or the BLAAPUT will get you."

"TOIKE OIKE and Christmas H——!" laughed Alice, and went to bed among the two-dollar bills to dream about the March Hare and the Mad Hatter.

At the masquerade Ball the other night, little Ida Wanna, said, the Indian she sat out a couple of dances with must have been from Paw-Knee College.

THE ALLY CAT

Births, Marriages and Deaths
Cat, Champus—Died, April 10, 1937, of severe ossification, flat feet and case hardened arteries. Deeply mourned by his huge family and successor . . . Alley Cat.

NEWS FLASK

It is with bowed tail that we publish the above notice. It all happened one bright Sunday Nite, while we were on our prowls down by the gas works. Our pal had left us to see a man about a dog and we were barging around at a loose end, when we stumb'cd over the prostrate form of the late lamented. Mustering our courage, (it keeps on coming out), we reached into our hip pocket for our old reliable S.P.S. 40 Brs. (1492) but alas it was too late. The mangy old reprobate croaked his last, remarking as he passed for the good ole Jazz Edition, I'd surely endure Hell's perdition. It seems that Champus fell into the paws of a bunch of long haired Arts guys, who yowled all day about Social Subversivity, and then snuck out at nite and crawled down the nearest sewer, (the hypocritical rats!). Anyway they got old champy, so here we are, and here goes.

SCANDAL SHEET

Flush—That Med's dog is getting snooty again. We overheard this by the tree in front of School.

Tree—C'mon and have one on me.

Dog—Naw. I just had one on the house.

* * *

Flush-Flush—This one happened down in Morryell at the McGill game, where we ran across a fascinating lil' fuzzy called Suzy-Q.

Us—Say, do ya like to Truck?

Suzy—Well, my Mother doesn't like me to stay out late!

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—A yellow pencil with red lead in it, by Nellie McWhirtle, 120 lb., 5 ft. 3 in., good dancer, can Truck. Address U.C. Phone W O W 241 at any time.

* * *

Well, so long for now. I gotta go up to U.C. for a lecture in Oriental Literature, so see ya at "Skule—At—Home".

G. Jailor Haw

Boss—"This letter is an invitation to my Mother-in-law, to come and live with us."

Sec'y—"Good Heavens Man, have you lost your head?"

Boss—"No, but my wife said I would if I didn't write this letter."

SHOP NOTES

MECHANICAL CLUB

With the passing of the Club's greatest social event, namely the Dance on December 8th,—we can now put "finis" on the 1937 activities and prepare for the sterner parts of an Engineering course, that is, the lab tests and examinations.

Incidentally, the Dance was a success, according to current reports, both financially and socially, and we feel genuinely sorry for those who could not attend.

Due to various counter-attractions, we found it impossible to arrange for a December Smoker, but plans are already under way for some outstanding meetings during 1938, which we hope will make up the deficiency.

In the meantime, we wish all Club members, a pleasant and fruitful Christmas Holiday,—preferably spent in the arms of Bacchus and Morpheus!

CIVIL CLUB

The Civil Club has completed a very successful first term, as terms go. The first event of note was the inaugural luncheon meeting, at which we were addressed by Prof. C. R. Young. This meeting was conspicuous by the splendid turnout of first year.

The second event was the Civil Club trip to the plants of the Hamilton Bridge Co., and Steel Co., of Canada.

On December 16th, the Club was addressed by Mr. Storrie, a prominent consulting engineer on the Toronto Waterworks Extension.

It is the intention to hold the Annual Club Dance, with the Mining and Metallurgical Club as last year, so look forward to a real bang-up party sometime after Christmas.

Well, good luck in your Christmas exams.

EARL A. RUSSELL

The French people never celebrate wedding anniversaries, as we do. Hence, this story:

A French Nobleman in the U.S. received an invitation to attend a Party in honour of a couple celebrating their Silver Wedding Anniversary.

"Silver Wedding?" he asked a friend. "What does she mean?"

"Why, that means those two people have lived together twenty-five years."

The Frenchman beamed in delight. "Mon Dieu! How wonderful! Then love always triumphs in the end! For twenty-five years they live together, and now at last they get married."

INDUSTRIAL CHEMICAL CLUB

Well fellows, there is no object in hashing over past activities, which are now dead and buried.

However, the general comment would seem to indicate fair satisfaction with the results achieved at the now famous "colossal blind". It was worth a trial, anyway, and who knows—perhaps history was made that night?

But here's to the future and bigger and better things for 1938.

Already a programme is shaping up. The Johns-Manville Co. Ltd., would like to show us a very interesting sound picture including a Mickey Mouse comedy. And for our very first meeting, Mr. Musgrave, the Hon. Club Chairman, will have his story of the printing industry to present to us.

Don't forget that we must have another dance—conventional type or otherwise,—before the curtains fall, and also a dinner.

And right now, the most important business on hand for everyone concerned is,—A Merry Christmas, and—hic—well, you know what I mean!

Warning

With the advent of wintry weather, a young man who by way of chance poses as editor of this noble journal decided it was time to show the boys a thing or two in the line of formal attire, and how to keep warm, by arriving ready for work one fine morn, sporting a pair of much detested SPATS. The sight of spats plus the cold weather was too much for those noble 4th year electricals, and, lead by the two apple boys (Weaver and Cooke) that portion, who do not appreciate such formality decided a good tapping was in order, and proceeded to administer it in true School fashion.

The spats,—oh yes,—they now adorn a pair of lights in the lab. and while Prof. Jackson will not agree they add to the efficiency from a lighting standpoint, they serve as a grim and determined warning to all those who in the future consider such displays of formality.

A Scotsman from the remote Highlands paid his first visit to London. On arriving at Euston, a voice immediately, "Taxi Sir?" The Scot shook his head.

After exploring London, he went on to Bristol. Upon emerging from the station, he heard the familiar hail, "Taxi, Sir?"

"I said 'No', in London, and meant it, nae stop following me about."

school at home
 frank crawley's orchestra - royal york hotel
 friday, january 14

Sportoike

With the coming of the wintry blasts, the sports field has changed in venue, from the rugby field to the gym floor and the swimming pool. However, S. P. S. is taking even a greater leading part in the intramural athletics.

At the present time the lacrosse playoff is the big interest around the School. Of course, School's only interest in the affair is the fact that two of the three teams left are representing the Engineers. A round robin series is being played to decide the championship.

The Senior School team got the jump at the start by defeating Dents, with an impressive 13-5 score. With Junior School favoured to do the same it looks like a toss-up with School winning either way.

At the other end of the line, the aquatic Engineers swept the Junior Swimming meet. Just another proof of the Schoolman's versatility.

Ideal Xmas Presents

SCHOOL RINGS AND PINS

In Society Store

SCHOOL S. C. M.

A small but interested group has been meeting this term with Raymond Booth, of the Society of Friends, as leader.

Problems have been discussed from the Christian's standpoint.

Weekly meetings will be held again next term to which all Schoolmen, interested, will be welcomed.

Watch notice Board.

JOHN R. HAYWARD,

4th Yr. Dept. 2.

Two heads are better than one, if they're on the same shoulder.

* * *

Doctor (to girl)—"Where shall I vaccinate you?"

Girl—"Oh, anywhere, I'm a Nudist, and it's bound to show."

Who Goes Home?

They know the way and how to go. They lead and show the way. They know the easy ways on which they can make speed and they know the difficult places where they may expect to be held up; they know the bridges to cross and the hills to climb and they make their plans to meet them. They lead their fellow citizens with pride and diligence and their fellows take their leadership in confidence. Engineers are the torch bearers, the link-men, for the country on its way to material development.

And our engineers can and always will, arrive home safely with their burdens. If they prove too heavy they know where and how to cache them, as they have learned in our northern woods or on the canoe portage. They arrive home "with the bacon"—or with the turkey. They are always to be depended upon to see their friends well across and safely home. They early learn—even at college! to be link-men for their lady friends.

Who goes home? Who goes home for Christmas? What a cheerful call and how much it has meant to us since we were children or school-boys! It brings back to us the thrill of our home fire-side, of our family Christmas tree, of decorations green and red, of flaming candles, of mysterious parcels smuggled in the last hour. It brings to us thoughts of Christmas cheer, of laden dinner table, mother's cooking and her ingenuity in homemade delicacies which she has been preparing for a fortnight, to say nothing of the twenty pound turkey with its savoury dressing, Christmas cake, mother's pies and sister's homemade candies (or does she? perhaps you have to buy them).

But who goes home for these alone? I wonder if we do not go home with glee for many other things at Christmastide. Whether it is by sleeper to the North, or close-packed coach, by motor car, street car, bus or simply on our own flat feet, there is much more. There is the holiday with its delights of recreation, (always tempered by the ghost of January examinations stalking across the film). There are our daylight sports, skating, skiing, hockey, motoring, walking (and for that and two good legs and feet praise be), and there are our evening parties and good dancing partners. These are our other Christmas pleasures for which to give thanks.

Who goes home, too, to have the yearly talk over things with the family? At the turn of the year we all are thinking of the coming twelve-month projected forward, perhaps from the curve set up and plotted from the past. There are always the plans for the future, the

ambitions to disclose, the candid chronicles of the past months with their successes, elations, uncertainties and failures perhaps. But always there is the searching and stock-taking, the appraisal, the overhaul and the tuning up for the next year. When I think of these days of retrospection and forward looking hopes, ambitions and resolves, I like to think of Kipling's apt stanza:

"If I, myself, could talk to myself

As I knew him a year ago,
I could tell him a lot

That would help him a lot
Of the things that he ought to know."

With my best wishes to you all for a very Bright Christmas and a Happy New Year.

C. H. MITCHELL,

Dean.

15th December, 1937.

Best o' Luck

With proximity of the Annual electro-chemistry examination, the following is reprinted from an old edition of Toike Oike, out of sympathy for those poor darlings who will spend the good old holidays striving to garner sufficient knowledge to get a mere 40%.

With the cathode next the window,
And the anode next the door,
Here's to Prof. Burt-Gerrens
May he live for ever more.
And his friend Sir James
In the coal-hole 'neath the floor,
With the cathode next the window
And the anode next the door.

O, the damned old apparatus,
Will never work for us,
In comes Doc Burt-Gerrens
To raise an awful fuss.
He says it's not the Demi's fault
And we begin to cuss
Because the anode's minus
Instead of being plus.

We may lose our hold on theory
Or on all Designs that be
But there's one thing we'll remember
And it's Electro-Chemistry.
If we miss the deep dark secrets
There's one thing sure to score
That's the cathode next the window
And the anode next the door.

When January first rolls round,
Remember this advice,
That ions do not come in pairs
Like little spotted dice.

And think of this with emphasis,
They move forever more,
From the cathode next the window,
To the anode next the door.